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VISIT TO

MELROSE ABBEY & DRYBURGH.
(By an American Traveller.)

JULY, 1817.

A few days ago, being then on the eve of my final departure from Scotland, I made an hasty excursion into Tweeddale. My object was twofold. I was desirous of viewing Melrose Abbey ruins, and also of paying my respects to the noble proprietor of Dryburgh Abbey, who had honoured me with repeated invitations to visit him at his manor on Tweedside.

I left Edinburgh in a morning coach for Selkirk, and traced thus far a route already familiar to me. About six or seven miles from Selkirk, where the Tweed first makes its appearance, I entered upon the Scottish Arcadia. Under this appellation may be comprehended the whole of that lovely tract of country which begins with the sources of the Yarrow, Ettrick and Teviot waters, and following the windings of those streams until their junction with Tweed, next spreads itself along the margin of the latter through the remainder of its course. The scenery within this district is distinguished for its romantic and pastoral beauties; and to these the muse has added new charms by the many interesting associations in which she has invested them.

From the place where Tweed came in sight, the road followed its bank for several miles. It parted from it a mile or two distant from Selkirk, and shortly after crossed the river Ettrick, not far from its union with the other stream. The town of Selkirk is pleasant. It is situated on an eminence; and to one approaching it from the north, it presents a fine object in the landscape. Leaving the coach at Selkirk, and having ordered dinner at a late hour, I rambled out to survey whatever of interest I might find in the environs. Re-crossing the Ettrick, I struck into a foot-path on the left, which was seen threading its way through the green sward which carpeted the borders of

the stream. In the meanderings of this stream there was a peculiar prettiness. Its waters, too, were very limpid; and these sparkled in the sun-beam as they brawled petulantly along, and hurried over the few obstacles which they encountered in their course. The Ettrick abounds with excellent trout; and during the walk I passed several men who were angling for them. Along the river-side are fine verdant meadows, and fields which are beginning to wave with an abundant harvest. I know not how it happened, but there was something connected with the appearance of the Ettrick which carried me back forcibly in imagination to the banks of the dearly-loved stream which flows through my native village. For a moment I forgot that 3000 miles intervened between me and home. Distance was no longer remembered. Years too rolled back; the halcyon scenes of my youthful sports rushed vividly into my mind; and I almost fancied that I was again treading upon the margin of the peaceful N*****, where

Of my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.

The illusion was of short continuance, but it left an impression on my feelings which served greatly to heighten the interest of surrounding scenes. Having walked two miles or more along the Ettrick, I came to its confluence with Yarrow, and obtained my first view of that romantic little stream. It is somewhat smaller than the Ettrick, but rolls its clear and rapid current through as pretty a channel. Its banks are fringed with copse-wood; the boughs of which dip in the water, as if wooing the stream which lends them support.

Yarrow joined the Ettrick on the side by which I walked; and leaving the latter, I then followed the course of the former stream. The path conducted me to a very neat stone bridge, which communicates with Bowhill, a noble estate, with pleasure grounds, belonging to the duke of Buccleugh. I crossed to the other

side, and took a bird's-eye view of the grounds. They are laid out with taste, and are planted at intervals with noble forest trees. Pursuing my walk a mile or two further, I arrived at a venerable and stately ruin which occupies a commanding position upon one of the braes of Yarrow. This was "Newark's Tower," the same to which Scott makes the "Minstrel" arrive, who sung his last "Lay" to the hospitable proprietors of this then proud baronial pile. The Tower is square and lofty; in the walls are many loop-holes, and a few narrow window-spaces, long since un-latticed, which contribute to give a very dreary and cheerless aspect to the whole structure. The walls of the main entrance are greatly dilapidated.

The pond'rous gate and massy bar,
Which once roll'd back the tide of war,

Have long since crumbled into ruin.
At present, in place of the ancient portal, is only a wooden wicket, which opens into an area, which a neighbouring peasant has appropriated for a sheep fold.

The scenery in the immediate vicinity is very picturesque. I looked round for the "lowly bower" of the Minstrel, and the "little garden trimmed with green;" but though I saw several cots, and as many neatly cultivated enclosures, any one of which might once have been the property of the bard, there was no one which I felt absolutely authorised to identify as his. Yarrow, however, as it gushed merrily through the green wood, seemed to prolong the minstrel's melody; and a kindred bard might perhaps have recognised in its gurgling, the blithesome echo of the Lay.

It was not till evening had set in, that I thought of retreating my steps to Selkirk. With a feeling of regret, I commenced my homeward walk; and about dusk, I reached my lodgings, after a romantic ramble of nine miles.

On the following morning I walked to Melrose, a few miles distant from Selkirk. The road lay along Tweed-

dale, scarcely leaving the bank of the river, and then only diverging for a few yards. The valley was exceedingly beautiful, and answered well the anticipations which I had formed of its attractions from the high panegyrics which I had often heard lavished upon it. The Tweed even here, is not a large, but it is a very respectable and *showy* stream. It abounds with *substantial* comforts too: salmon being plenty in its waters, as well as several other species of the *finny* tribes. Of the former, numbers were seen sporting near the surface of the river, and occasionally leaping from its limpid wave.

The village of Melrose is neat and compact, pleasantly situated on Tweedside, at the feet of the Eildon hills. The celebrated Abbey adjoins, and overlooks the town. It is mouldering into ruin. Large portions of the wall, much of the roof, and several of the old towers have fallen in; grass and small shrubs are growing luxuriantly upon the tops of such parts of the edifice as remain entire. I ascended one of the most perfect of the towers, an undertaking, however, attended with little pleasure, and considerable hazard.

Seen from any point of view, the *total ensemble* of the structure is solemn and impressive. It is impossible to approach and witness it without strong and deep emotion. So often however has the Abbey been described by tourists that it needs no further comment, even for the sake of refreshing my own memory. I merely add, therefore, that in exploring the several parts of the Abbey, I could not forget the grave of *Michael Scott*. The guide, in leading me to it, conducted me by the very aisle, along which

With snow-white stoles and order due,
The holy Fathers two and two
In long procession came.

Many stories of the exploits of Michael Scott are current in this section of the country. It is believed that he was buried in the Abbey of Melrose, though in what part of it is not so easy to determine with precision. To ascertain the actual spot of his interment, recourse has been had to a tradition of long standing. This certifies, that at a certain hour in the day the sun shines directly upon the grave of the wizard. Accordingly, when Walter Scott visited the Abbey for the purpose of deciding

upon a tomb which he might assume as Michael's, and refer to it as such, in his contemplated poem, the guide, and he was the same who attended me, and who was my informant) reminded him of the popular legend, and pointed his attention to one on which the sun then chanced to shine through a mouldering arch. The selection, it appears, was satisfactory, more especially as there was no inscription upon the stone which covered the grave; and thus the latter might belong to any other person as well as Michael Scott, and to Michael Scott as to any other person.

It was not a little amusing to mark the self-complacency with which this piece of information was given me. How far the ingenuity of the guide, in fact, aided the researches of the poet, I undertake not to judge. At any rate, it would be a pity to deprive him of the satisfaction of rehearsing to a thousand visitors to come, as to the thousands who have been shown the Abbey heretofore, his own agency in determining a choice so vastly important; and of winding up the account with a sly glance and significant shrug, which, construed into plain English, is as much as to say,

'Twas I, said the fly,
With my little eye.

The grave of Michael, according to the above *ex cathedra* decision, is in the eastern end of the Abbey. Near it, is the space where the altar formerly stood, and where the "mitred abbot," stretched his hand when he blessed the pilgrims who went in procession to Melrose, to appease the troubled sprite of Michael Scott. I should add that at the time of my viewing the wizard's tomb, the sun was shining full upon it: in the same manner, the guide said, as when Walter Scott visited it, on the occasion related. Of course, this circumstance was supposed to increase marvellously my gratification; notwithstanding that the aperture in the Abbey walls was sufficiently wide to admit of a broad glare of light being thrown upon a dozen other graves of equal size with that of Michael.

I inquired of the conductor, if the common people about believed that there were ghosts which still tenanted the Abbey? He replied that they might as well believe this, as the many stories which he knew that

they actually did credit respecting Michael Scott. "What," said I, "do they fancy that Michael walks?"—"Aye aye," said he, "all that, and much more;" "but," he then added with a very knowing look, "*but*, we have no ghosts about here excepting such as we make ourselves." By *we*, I suppose he meant himself & Co., who are in the habit of conducting strangers over the Abbey; but the process employed in the manufacture of these spirits, he did not see fit to mention.

But whether or not the ghost of Michael still walks, certain it is that no stranger presumes to visit Melrose without leaving an offering at his shrine; a silver offering too, which now-a-days passes in the shape of a vulgar perquisite to the attending guide, who in his respect acts as factor to the weird shade, and takes, very religiously, an account of the avails. This oblation generally answers the pious purpose in view; and it is pleasing to observe how at such a time each cloud is chased from the brow of the worthy representative of Michael, and how, too, his whole countenance brightens as with a sun-beam, when the glittering head of king George, encased in the silver rim of a half-crown, crossed his willing hand.

Having taken such refreshments at the little inn in Melrose as befit a pilgrim to the Scottish Loretto, I continued my walk three miles further to Eildon Newton, a small village situated near the Tweed. Not far from there a ferry is established, by which I crossed the river and found myself within the grounds of the earl of Buchan. At a short distance from the ferry, his lordship is constructing, at great expence, a chain bridge, which, when completed, will prove of great utility, it being the only one, with a single exception, for a number of miles.

A most charming walk of an half mile through grounds which were decked with the richest cultivation, brought me to the mansion of Dryburgh. Both the earl and countess were at home, and gave me a flattering reception. At the abbey I had the pleasure of meeting also with the Rev. Mr. F——, rector of Woolwich near London, and youngest brother of the countess, who, with his lady and child, had come down a little before to pass a month at Dryburgh.

Several of the neighbouring gentry also paid morning calls at the Abbey, among whom was a titled lady, Lady G—. These calls I find have much less of formality and parade, at this distance in the country, than in town. In the latter, the quintessence of comfort in paying a morning visit, consists in driving furiously to the door of a house, sending a powdered footman to ring the bell violently, beat a tattoo on the knocker, and then throw a card into the hall; after which, when breathless with haste he has remounted his stand, the carriage moves rapidly off, and the visiter, besides the consciousness of having discharged a bounden duty, according to the best rules of good breeding, enjoys the exquisite satisfaction of having given or received great honour.

Before the hour of dining, the earl proposed a walk over a part of the grounds. His lordship's lands are not very extensive; but they are situated in the finest possible manner, being on a peninsula formed by a reach of the Tweed, and almost completely surrounded by it.* The earl has covered this point with every thing adapted to the climate, which cultivation or the hand of art could annex to the original beauties of nature. There are several pretty hamlets, and a number of detached cottages scattered over the grounds, occupied of course by his lordship's tenantry. Dryburgh house is a spacious building, very respectable in its appearance, but no ways particularly fine or showy. Its architecture is modern, and with the exception of turrets at the angles of the central and main part of the edifice, there is nothing antique about it, nor any thing which distinguishes it from the mansion of any independent country gentleman. The building is almost completely embosomed with trees. It stands about an hundred yards distant from the noble remains of a once proud abbey, which at present gives name to the whole of lord Buchan's grounds, as well as to the modern mansion.

This abbey, formerly a monastic institution, was held by an abbot and fifty-two monks. It is of great an-

tiquity. The convent part remains still in tolerable preservation—such as the cloisters, the dormitory, and refectory. In this respect it differs much from other structures of a similar kind; for when papacy was abolished in Great Britain, and convents where disfranchised, the chapel, and in general the chapel alone, was kept in repair, and reserved as a place of worship for the neighbouring inhabitants, whilst the other parts of the edifice were suffered to go to decay. Of the chapel of Dryburgh Abbey, however, only portions remain; and those are in a very ruinous condition. The earl conducted me over each part of the pile, and pointed my attention to every thing of interest connected with it. Several traditional legends which he related, illustrative of the characters and lives of some of the monks who formerly inhabited the monastery, were highly amusing.

In the square of the cloisters, his lordship has planted and trained against the walls, peach, cherry, and other fruit trees, which grow very vigorously. They form a good substitute for the vine, which immemorially has been held in great canonical repute among the various monastic orders, and the fruit of which, doubtless, often cheered the hearts of the abbot and monkish fraternity of Dryburgh. In a niche near the entrance into these cloisters, surmounted by a Saxon arch, is a bust of the present earl of B. finely sculptured, and taken six years ago, when he was 69 years of age.

Adjacent to the abbey ruin, is a cemetery, which originally belonged to the inmates of the convent, and which, by his lordship's permission, is still used as a place of interment for his tenantry. It is planted with firs, larches, hollies and yews. Some of the latter are of great age and size, and they all contribute to throw over the spot an air of solemn gloom. There are several walks in the cemetery; and among these a person may stray at noon-day, when not a sound would occur to interrupt the profound stillness, nor a single sun-beam find admission through the deep screen, formed by the intervening branches of the trees.

I was pleased with seeing in the dining room of Dryburgh a highly finished portrait of general Washington, which that great man had

sent to lord B. as a mark of courtesy and regard. His lordship's collection of paintings, both at the abbey and his town house, is numerous. Many of them are executed by the first masters, and are very fine. The earl's taste for the fine arts is well known in the metropolis. He is there accounted the *Mæcenæ*s of the corps of statuaries as well as painters; and having a finely shaped head, and features very handsome and expressive, there is scarcely an artist of note, who has not sued for the honour of painting his portrait. The best which I have seen, are those executed by Raeburn and Wilson. The earl several months ago, gave me a cameo miniature of himself, very neatly finished, which is a striking likeness.

Lord B. has a great taste for letters as well as the fine arts. He has himself entered the lists as an author; and his life of Napier, and a volume or two of Essays which he has published, are very ingenious and entertaining. His lordship's acquisitions as a linguist, are remarkable. Besides being intimately conversant with the Greek and Latin tongues, he is also a proficient in the French, Italian, and Arabic. The library of Dryburgh is extensive and very valuable. In the collection of MSS. are some papers highly curious and interesting, which I had the privilege of inspecting. One of them was an original autograph poem by Thompson, which had been given to the earl, together with some other writings of that sweetest of bards, by lord Littleton, who, if I mistake not, was one of his executors. Love was the subject of the poem; and the author having indulged too far in a strain of *pose* and immodest thought, the piece had never been permitted to find a place among his other publications. The chirography was no ways elegant; and the letters in fact were large and rather scrawling. The hand indeed was much like a school-boy's; and it is probable that the whole performance was executed in very early life. Many lines, and more words, particularly at the commencement of the poem, had been erased to give place to others, which the cooler judgment of the author suggested. In the last twelve or sixteen lines, however, there was scarcely a single blot.

Lord Buchan showed me also, a letter which he received from his brother, Lord Eskine, about the year

* Kirkhill in Linlithgowshire, is another estate belonging to the earl of B.; but Dryburgh is preferred for a country residence.

1780, (if I remember the date correctly,) in answer to one which his lordship had written requesting an account, *con amore*, of the dispositions and characters of Lord E's children. There was a vein of very pleasant humour, and sportive description in the sketches which were returned; but the most remarkable part of the letter was the apology which introduces it, stating the reasons for not having acknowledged and replied to the letter of Lord B., sooner. Lord Erskine wrote, that for the two or three months previously, he had been so inundated with business that scarcely an hour had been left to him for repose: "business," he added,—“so great as had never before fallen to a single barrister since William Rufus built Westminster Hall.”—He added, that that very year, without once, or the receiving a single farthing beyond the just gains accruing from his professional labours, he had the prospect of clearing 10,000*l.* or 44,400 dollars, an immense sum indeed, at that time. When he was made Lord Chancellor, he was in the regular annual receipt from the profits of his profession, of 14,000*l.* sterling.

After tea, in the drawing room, the countess and Mr. F. seated themselves to a hand of piquet, in which they invited me to join them; but knowing very little of the game,—in fact having never dipped very deeply into Hoyle,—I was unwilling to become a pupil on the present occasion, and accordingly accepted an invitation from the earl, as the evening was very beautiful, to walk with him to a part of the grounds to which he had not before conducted me. We extended our walk to an eminence about a mile distant from the Abbey, whereon his lordship has erected a colossal statue of the celebrated Scottish hero, Wallace. The hill is very commanding; and is clothed with hanging woods, excepting a space near the summit, which was left open for the statue. It is a gigantic figure, finely proportioned, of the height of twenty-one or twenty-two feet, and standing on a pedestal which is ten feet, so that it may be seen distinctly for many miles around, and particularly well along the road from St. Boswell's Green to Melrose. The statue has been wrought out of a block of freestone, of a peculiarly excellent

kind, of which the earl has a quarry. It is found on working, to admit a polish and finishing resembling marble.—From the eminence on which it stands, large tracts of one or two of the border counties of England, are seen very clearly.

Happening to touch upon the subject of old age,—his lordship having said, that, if I had arrived at the Abbey two days sooner, I should have visited him on his birth day, as he then completed his 75th year;—the earl was led to enlarge upon the topic, and in a strain of sentiment which I could not but admire, he observed, that beyond a certain age, and to that point he had now attained, a man might be said to *endure* life, but, by no propriety of language to enjoy it. It is most melancholy, he added, to see a person at the advanced age of 70 or 80, hoarding and fanning the last embers of life. He quoted some appropriate passages expressive of this sentiment, from the *De Senectute* of Cicero, a work which, next to the volume of inspiration, he thought ought to be the study of every one of his years, who is capable of understanding the original. “I can conceive, however,” said his lordship “of a person surrounded by a numerous progeny of children and grand-children, retaining unimpaired a fondness for life, to a very late period, through a desire to see them well established in different professions, and holding respectable standings in society, and to contributing all in his power to promote these ends. But for me, who have no lineal descendants over whose fortunes to watch, no extraneous inducement for the protraction of life remains. The rank to which I was born brought me early upon the busy stage of the world, as early as fifteen; and from the age of 23, more properly, I began to *fag*; and 50 years are a long while to *fag*. Satisfied as I am with this world, my views now point to another and a brighter.”

I have given these remarks of the earl, as nearly as I can recall them, with literal accuracy; and perhaps a passing comment may not be amiss. In early life, his lordship was ambitious of making a figure in the political world; and he was happy in having a friend and patron at court in the celebrated earl of Chatham. From that nobleman he received seven-

ral distinguished proofs of confidence and regard, during his minor age, (then lord Cardross); and when quite a young man, he had a diplomatic appointment, being nominated to the second station in an important embassy to some foreign court. His father dying about that time, and the earldom descending to him, he declined going abroad, and taking leave of public life, retired to his estates in Scotland. The patrimonial revenues accompanying the title which he inherited were comparatively small; and they were found to have been greatly reduced either through the prodigality or the negligence of his father. The earl, however, nothing daunted, set to work to clear his estates from their various incumbrances and embarrassments; and what with care and thrift, and faithful nursing, he has not only effected this, but rendered them very productive, and now enjoys an ample income. It is true that a life spent under these circumstances might seemingly pass for something else than a toilsome and *fagging* existence; but independently of the earl's rural employments and literary pursuits, his station in society has necessarily called him into many of the stirring scenes of active life; and he has carried his habits of persevering industry into all his avocations, and made them to regulate his entire deportment. The poet, who drew his pictures of men and manners fresh from life, and all whose reflections are marked with peculiar point and significance, has observed, “How various his employments whom the world calls idle!” His meaning obviously is that what may appear to a casual eye, a life of ease, may in fact be one of laborious exertion; and the pursuits of a person even in the sequestered and noiseless walks of society, are often found on a nearer inspection, to be something more than mere *dificiles nugæ*. As respects the earl, he retains the habits of systematic industry, which he formed in his early years; and to these, together with the regular course of living which he has uniformly adhered to, may be ascribed, under favour of Providence, the hale and vigorous health which he is now enjoying, and the almost youthful glow which his countenance still wears. In town, during the winter months, his lordship rises at peep of dawn, and is in the habit of closing as well

as beginning the day, betones. In this respect he differs widely from the countess, who loves to figure in the brilliant evening circles of the metropolis; a contrast of tastes which I have several times heard his lordship speak of with much pleasantry, comparing himself and lady B., (that is to say, *quoad hoc*, and bating some thing on the score of *gender*,) to Castor and Pollux, the one existing solely in the day, the other in the night.

The earl of B. is distinguished for some eccentricities; but where is the nobleman who is free from them? He is charged also with having not a little of the leaven of vanity; that he has a dash of this, and a pretty strong dash too, there is no denying. But whatever an American with his republican notions may think of it, it would seem that a Scot ought to regard the foible with indulgence, when he remembers that the earl represents one of the most ancient and noble houses in North Britain, and that the blood of the illustrious race of Stuarts, and consequently, (although partially,) of the royal line of Brunswick, flows in his veins. It is remarkable that the present generation of the family have added distinguished lustre to the name. The second brother of the earl of B., the hon. Henry Erskine, after establishing his reputation at the bar as a profound jurist, and eloquent advocate, was advanced to the dignity of lord advocate of Scotland;—and the other brother, the hon. Thomas (now lord) Erskine, raised himself by the force of his transcendent talents to the lord high chancellorship of the realm. The earl has but one sister. She was married to the earl of Glencairn; and that nobleman having died without issue, and being the last of the name, the title will become extinct at the death of the countess dowager. The health of the hon. H. Erskine is declining very fast. The earl mentioned that he had made him a recent visit; and it was one of the last, he feared, which he should ever make this side of the grave. The eldest son of Mr. E. is presumptive heir to the estates and coronet of Buchan.*

* The hon. Henry Erskine died a short time after the date of the above. The right hon. the countess of Buchan about a year subsequently. Her ladyship was a number of years younger than the earl. In early life she had been celebrated for her beauty.

In returning with the earl from our walk to the statue of Wallace, his lordship conducted me to the abbey by a path which lay through the finest of his grounds. There was a peculiar softness and beauty in the evening. The western sky was hung with clouds of golden splendour; and the declining sun gilded their borders with colours of every hue. The children of his lordship's tenants were sporting their gambols upon the little lawns around their several hamlets; and every thing wore the aspect of content and peace and cheerfulness.

A prominent topic of conversation in the evening was *America*, its civil polity and resources. The earl has turned his attention very much to these subjects, and has watched with interest the progress of affairs in the United States, ever since the revolution. One of the earl's ancestors, lord Fairfax, was a proprietor in the South Carolina grant or patent; and independently of this family connection, if I may so speak, with the U. S., his lordship has ever been a firm and temperate advocate of civil freedom, and has accordingly viewed with admiration the simple but efficient operations of the federal republican constitution of the States. The earl opened a correspondence with Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, names venerated by every American citizen, and of which imperial Rome might have been proud. I have seen the originals of many, if not all, the letters in reply. Those of Washington are highly interesting. They are all deposited with Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, an other ardent friend of the United States, and a gentleman well known to the public for his various literary productions, especially his elegant biography of the British poets.

Something was said respecting the reported cession of the island of Lampedoza by the Neapolitans to the Americans—a rumour which has of late excited considerable comment and speculation in Edinburgh, and which has been appealed to by some, in proof of an ambitious policy on the part of the U. S. and a spirit of aggrandizement, ill becoming a republic of such modest pretensions. Admitting the report to be true, the earl of B. strongly reprobated the measure. I suggested the obvious advantage that would accrue to the States from the possession of an island or some small

territory in the Mediterranean, which might serve for a permanent naval station, and a place of refitment and supplies to our squadron appointed to cruise in that sea, for the purpose of overawing the Barbary Regencies. The earl, however, was unwilling to acknowledge that there could be much utility, whatever of seeming convenience there might be, in having such a depot; at least, he thought that the probable evils more than counterbalanced the expected benefits.—“No, no,” said he, pursuing the subject with much earnestness of manner, “your nation must think of no Lampedozas—must indulge no wish of attaining a single rood of European soil. You have territory enough now, and should live independently of the rest of the world. You have only to multiply facilities of intercourse between one portion and another of your common country, by opening canals, extending your highways, and rendering your rivers more navigable; and then may the western states furnish ready supplies for the Atlantic, the north may continue to trade with the south; and drawing your subsistence from yourselves, you will soon rise to opulence and power, and become a second China.”

It was late before we separated for the night.—From the windows of my chamber I caught a partial but striking view, through the moonlight, of the mouldering walls and dismantled towers of the abbey ruin. Its appearance on the following morning, in connection with numerous other objects of beauty and interest around, was very grand.

On the succeeding day, after breakfast, I left Dryburgh with regret that my engagements precluded my protracting my stay at it longer, and sensibly touched by the many courtesies of the earl and countess of Buchan. The former, from the time of my introduction to him, has honoured me with distinguished attention; nor is it among the least of my regrets on leaving Scotland, that I shall never again have an opportunity of enjoying a personal intercourse with this nobleman.

I was ferried across the river in a boat belonging to the abbey; and then proceeded on foot to St. Boswell's green, a village a mile or two distant, through which the coach for Edinburgh was to pass. Arriving there some time before it was expect-

ed, I pursued my walk to Melrose, which I reached a few minutes only in advance of the coach. Nothing material occurred during the remainder of my route to Edinburgh.

B.

A Memoir of the Life of Joachim Murat, prince, grand admiral, and marshal of France, ci devant grand duke of Berg, and ex-king of Naples.

[From the Annual Biography.]

Joachim Murat was born in the year 1767, in the department of Lot. His father, who kept a little inn at Cahors, was anxious, if possible, to confer a good education on a favourite son; and he accordingly sent him to Toulouse, with a view to his being received into holy orders, for, at that period, the priesthood, which was the only respectable situation within the reach of all, became the peculiar object of ambition to those who were in the middling or lower ranks of life. But although young Murat was not deficient, perhaps, in point of talents, yet he evinced but little ardour for study; and the profession for which he was destined, had but few charms in the eyes of a gay, sprightly lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Certain it is, that he returned to the paternal mansion without receiving the ecclesiastical tonsure, and performed all the little services required of him, in common with the domestics. The personage who afterwards sat on the throne of Naples, in all the state of royalty, and was recognised for a time by almost every king in Europe, has many times held the stirrup of a humble traveller, and received with a modest and obsequious air a few sous, bestowed by way of perquisite for his attentions!

At length, become weary of this monotonous kind of life, Joachim enrolled his name as a private soldier in the regiment of the Ardennes, then appointed to garrison duty in one of the cities in the south of France. His conduct is represented both by his friends and enemies to have been very wild and extravagant; and he is said to have actually deserted! Certain it is, that he repaired to the metropolis, like many thousand of our adventurers, about the commencement of the revolution; and while there, was enabled to subsist in consequence of the succour transmitted

by a kind father, until, by means of some persons who had interested themselves in his favour, he was at length admitted into the "constitutional guard" of Louis XVI.

On the suppression of that corps, he obtained a commission as second lieutenant (*sou-lieutenant*), in the 12th regiment of horse chasseurs; and soon after this, we find him suddenly advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Our astonishment at such rapid promotion must cease, when it is recollected, that at this period most of the old officers had either emigrated or resigned; that the subject of this memoir had declared in favour of the ruling party; and that the Jacobin Club, of which he was a zealous member, not only provided for all its adherents, but actually raised them, with unexampled celerity, to the highest stations in the army.

Yet, in consequence of one of those political revolutions so common at that period, the new lieutenant-colonel being suddenly cashiered, was obliged to retire from the field; and, what is still more singular, Bonaparte, precisely at the same moment, experienced a similar fate. On that occasion they both met in Paris, where, being utterly destitute of friends and resources, they were induced by similarity of fortune to associate together. That circumstance led to a close and intimate connection between these two celebrated adventurers, which was afterwards followed by memorable results, not only in respect to France, but to Italy, and Europe.

After the events of the 13th Vendémiaire (Oct. 1794), Murat, being restored to his former rank, immediately set out for the army of the Western Pyrenees. No sooner, however, had Napoleon been invited to assume the command of the troops of the French Republic in Italy, than his friend repaired thither, and was entertained as one of his aides-de-camp.

Soon after this, he was nominated colonel, and general of brigade, in succession; and began to be distinguished both by his zeal and his valour. At the battle of Mendovi, fought on the 17th of April, 1796, he charged at the head of the 21st regiment of chasseurs, and contributed not a little to the brilliant victory that ensued. The commander-in-chief, instead of being jealous of the

glory acquired on this occasion, mentioned his name and his actions with due eulogium in all the public orders and dispatches.

Such was the ridiculous partiality of Bonaparte, at this period, that, deeming him equally adapted for diplomacy as for war, he employed Murat on a variety of public missions, particularly one to the court of Turin, which by this time began to be greatly terrified at the success of the French arms. Soon after, we find him more appropriately employed at Paris, whither he had conveyed twenty-one standards, which had been taken from the enemy. He then set off for Genoa, and entered into a negotiation with the Doge, in consequence of which the Austrian minister was obliged to withdraw, in compliance with his menaces.

Having once more resumed his usual military occupations, we next hear of his commanding the vanguard of the army of general Vaubois. In this capacity, he distinguished himself at the passage of the Mincio, and acquired great reputation by the attack of the entrenched camp at Mantua. Murat was then chosen to act against Wurmser, a general who had become hoary in the profession of arms; and on this occasion he was wounded, while urged by his zeal to acquire new trophies. He displayed a similar degree of activity during the two succeeding campaigns of 1797 and 1798.

His reputation had now increased to such a magnitude, that he was appointed to serve in a high station under Berthier; and finally nominated governor of Rome. Bonaparte soon after employed him to unite the Valteline to the Cisalpine republic, and when the expedition to Egypt took place, he embarked with his old friend in that desperate, unjust and inpolitic undertaking, the object of which seems to have been to found a new empire, and to acquire new glory in distant lands.

Murat, who had now the rank and appointments of a general of division, distinguished himself on the banks of the Nile by the same impetuosity which he had displayed on the shores of the Mediterranean. It was then that his talents as a cavalry officer became conspicuous; for he not only successfully contended with, but constantly routed the Mamelukes, notwithstanding their great personal bravery.

At length, a new and unexpected scene occurred. Bonaparte, abandoning his army to the ravages of disease, and the sword of the enemy, suddenly resolved to return to France. On this occasion, he selected a few officers to accompany him, and Murat, who was one of these, proved serviceable in no small degree to his friend and patron, whom he assisted in overturning the republican government, to which they had both repeatedly sworn submission and allegiance!

Immediately after the revolution of the 18th *Brunaire* (November, 1799), Joachim obtained the hand of Marie de l'Annonciade Bonaparte, and not only became brother-in-law to the first man in France, but also commander of the consular guard. A new war with Austria having led to a second invasion of Italy, he was nominated to lead the van-guard. This conspicuous employment afforded a fresh opportunity for distinguishing himself. Crossing the Cesia, in pursuit of a flying enemy, he marched towards the banks of the Tesino; effected the passage of that river, after a strenuous opposition; and arrived triumphantly at the gates of Milan, the keys of which were presented to him by the magistrates. Proceeding in his victorious career, he crossed the Po at Nocetto; occupied Placentia; and seized on immense magazines appertaining to the enemy. At the celebrated battle of Marengo, he had the whole of the French cavalry under his orders; and contributed not a little to the memorable victory that ensued.

Murat, however, had not hitherto commanded in chief, having constantly acted in a subordinate capacity, under celebrated generals; and his talents for so elevated a station were greatly doubted. In 1801, his abilities were at length put to the test, for he now obtained the sole direction of the army of observation, which was then in full march towards Ancona. The intent of this movement was to occupy the countries ceded to France, by the armistice of Treviso, and to put his holiness in possession of those territories, of which he had been despoiled. Murat, thus become the protector of the pope, instantly re-instated him in his dominions; while, nearly at the same time, he united the conquered provinces under the name of the Cisal-

pine Republic; and installed the new government with unusual pomp at Milan, in 1802. On this occasion, he refused a magnificent sabre, which was offered to him.

Joachim soon afterwards returned to France, and by a singular instance of good fortune, was chosen to preside in the electoral college of the department of Lot, in which he had been born; and in which he had originally occupied so humble a station. In 1804 he was appointed governor of Paris, with the rank and honours of a general; and during the month of May of the same year, he was elevated to the distinguished station of marshal of the empire. Soon after this, on February 1, 1805, Bonaparte, who had now assumed the dictatorship, and become emperor, granted letters patent to his brother-in-law, by which he was declared a prince, and grand admiral of France. Nearly at the same time he received the decorations of the legion of honour; and was invested with the orders of Prussia and Bavaria, by their respective sovereigns.

In consequence of a new dispute with Austria, Murat crossed the Rhine near Fort Kehl, at the head of the French cavalry; occupied the avenues leading to the Black Forest; and marched thence into Bavaria, at the critical moment when general Mack, in a most disgraceful manner, surrendered the fortress of Ulm and the army within its walls. He then pursued the retreating foe, under the command of the archduke Francis, whom he obliged to surrender; and finally entered Vienna as a conqueror, on the 11th of November, 1805.

The celebrated battle of Austerlitz having rendered Bonaparte for a time master of Germany, he now found means to obtain the duchy of Berg for his brother-in-law. It was accordingly in his capacity of grand-duke and sovereign, that he served during the campaign of 1806; and he is allowed to have contributed greatly to the victory of Jena, on the 14th of October in the same year. In addition to this, he obliged a large body of Prussians, under the prince de Hohenloe, to surrender at Peenzlow; he was also present at the battle of Egiau, where he once more signalized himself.

The peace of Tilsit, so favourable to France, and humiliating for Germany, put a period for a while to his

military exploits, and at the same time exalted the new emperor to such an astonishing degree of power and consequence, that it became evident that nothing but the most egregious conduct on his own part, could ever lay him prostrate.

Of late, the king of Spain had become the vassal rather than the ally of France; and all the power and consequence of that monarchy in Europe, as well as all the wealth of her American colonies, were converted to the exclusive advantage of the latter. Misled by the madness of ambition, and blinded by vanity, Bonaparte now determined to dethrone Charles IV., and place his own brother Joseph, whom he had lately recognized as king of Naples, on the throne of Spain and the Indies; while his brother-in-law was to succeed the latter, in the vacant Italian diadem. Murat accordingly proceeded to Madrid with a body of troops, in the capacity of lieutenant-general of the armies of the emperor, and soon after transferred the whole of the royal family to Bayonne. A tumult having taken place in the capital on the 4th of May, 1808, in consequence of this event, he is said to have punished the insurgents with an exemplary degree of severity, bordering, indeed, on cruelty and vengeance.

He next repaired to Italy, and under the name of Joachim I. assumed the sovereignty of Naples. As Ferdinand IV. and his consort had not rendered themselves very dear to their subjects, this transfer of a diadem was at first viewed by the people without either murmur or reproach. It must also be allowed, that the new king conducted himself with great policy, and displayed no ordinary degree of talent. He endeavoured to conciliate the affections of his new subjects, by affecting to conform himself in all things to the customs, and even to the superstitions of the country. The royal family accordingly assisted at the festival of St. Januarius, and beheld the ridiculous ceremony of the *liquefaction of the blood*, with the most respectful attention.

The emperor Napoleon having now violated every principle of justice by the usurpation of Spain, next determined to put all the maxims of sound policy at defiance, by the invasion of Russia. Murat, who was once more

selected to command the French cavalry, on this, as on all other occasions, exhibited a degree of bravery, bordering on temerity. At the battles of Smolensko and Moscow, in particular, he reaped new laurels. During a retreat, accompanied by all the horrors resulting from famine, disorder, and intense cold, the troops under his command, for the first time, experienced a check, notwithstanding which, the army was solely indebted for safety to him. On entering the confines of Poland, the wreck of this once-mighty force was confided to the directions of king Joachim; but to the surprise of every one, Eugene Beauharnois, the son of the ex-empress Josephine, was suddenly invested with the supreme command, in consequence of an imperial decree, which contained a direct aspersion on the character of his predecessor.

Immediately after receiving intimation of this event, Murat set out for Naples, and left positive orders behind, that the Italian troops should return with all possible diligence to their native country.

(To be continued.)

PARIS IN 1815.—Part II.

BY THE REV. GEO. CHURCH.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

In the composition before us, the author continues that rapid and striking view of the principal features of Paris as it appeared in 1815, which commenced, in his former work, with the entrance into the city by the gate of Louis XIV. by day-break. It opens with the Caroussel, and throws a retrospect over events suggested by that *Place*: an apostrophe to the stars induces a noble strain of moralizing; and the removal of the celebrated horses of Lysippus from their triumphal arch, naturally and directly leads to a masterly description of their migrations from Greece to Rome, Constantinople, Venice and Paris. The argument founded on these transitions is, that *Justice*, and not *Time*, has doomed the fall of empires, and the dispersion of their glories in art, and the whole finishes with a brilliant patriotic figure.

'Tis not in mockery of man that Earth
Is strewed with splendid fragments,
temple, tower—

That realms, where glory sprang full
arm'd to birth,

Are desolate, the snake and tiger's
bower—

They lie the monuments of misused
power,
Not freaks of fate, but warnings against
crime—

And ancient Babylon might at this hour,
Had she been guiltless, stand as in her
prime,

Nay—stand in growing pomp till God had
finish'd time.

England! my great, my glorious—loved
with love

That almost makes a portion of the soul;
The hour has come to fix thine eye
above.

There lie the thunders thou alone must
roll.

And roll upon thyself—There spreads
the scroll

Where thine own hand must write thy
destiny.

None can decide but thou, if wolves
shall howl,

And the black viper in thy temples lie.
Be holy, and thou'rt saved, England, thou
must not die!

The reprisal of the plunder in the
Louvre is next described, as "won
by England's arm in Soignies' wood."
The first *coup d'œil* over the picture
gallery is admirable—

—like lightning on the eye,
Bursts the deep vision, from the stately
door,

One colour'd splendour, far as glance
can fly,

Gold, marble, giant mirror, o'er and
o'er,

Flashing in sun like streams from fretted
vault to floor.

The eye is tranced, and from the portal-
arch

Looks down the unmeasur'd length with
dim delight,

Piercing the radiant lines, the mighty
march

Of armies of the mind; on left and right,
Banners as rich as on the mountain's
height

Rises the morn.—There Rubens' blaze
of gold,

In eastern pomp above his legions
bright;

Delicious Titian, there thy rainbow'd
fold,

There Raphael's, wove of rays from saint
and prophet roll'd.

The bard, with a kindred spirit,
then questions the great age of Paint-
ing.

Corregio, Titian, Raphael, Angelo,
What made your age a wonder and de-
spair

To all the future?—a resistless flow
Of the soul's frozen depths—a hallow'd
glare

Of lightning that dissolv'd the prison
bar—

A sudden trumpet piercing the profound
Of the world's night—a call of star to
star,

In bright conjunction for the moment
bound,
Never to meet again in all time's weary
round?

From the general address, we
glide into particulars; and the chief
characteristics of the masters are
defined with wonderful precision and
beauty.

What are those tablets round me? Li-
ving minds,

The mighty soul in form and pressure
wrought—

Unfolded natures—where the vision
winds

Thro' what was dream, deep throb, un-
utter'd thought;

There breathes Salvator! That red
lightning shot

From its dark throne to fire that forest
hoar

That combat in its burnings madly
fought,

That lake convulsed before the tem-
pest's roar,

All in Salvator's soul toss'd, battled, burn-
ed before.

* * * *

Here, Raphael! is reveal'd the mystery
That fixed the hectic crimson on thy
cheek—

Here sank the earnest radiance of thine
eye,

Dying beneath the passionate thoughts
that wrick

Spirit-like thine;—Those eagle flights
that seek

And perish in the sun-beams—glorious
fires,

That from their heaven around the
mountain break

With crowning splendour, till the storm
retires,

Leaving but smoke and dust of all its
marble spires.

* * * *

Resplendent Titian! what a host of
thoughts,

What memories of stars and midnight
moons,

And long hours pass'd beneath the
emerald vaults

Of forests! and the sweet eve's thou-
sand tunes,

When the breeze rushes through the
vine-festoons,

Show'ring their dew-drops, are concen-
tr'd here!

And forms of prince and knight in proud
saloons,

And dames with dark Italian eyes that
ne'er

Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's be-
witching tear.

Prometheus of the pencil! life and light
Burst on the canvass from thy mighty
hand.

All hues sublime that ever dazzled sight
Where tempests die on Heaven, or ever
waned

On hills, the evening's azure thrones, or
stain'd
Ruby or beryl in their Indian cell,
Or glanc'd from gem-dropt wing, or
blossom vein'd.
Or tinged in ocean-caves the radiant
shell,
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their
fountains swell.

In these, the description by words
vies with the magic delusions of the
delicious art; and whether spread out
to the eye, or given in vigorous
touches, we trace a kindred resem-
blance between the pen and the pen-
cil. The same sentiment extends
into the museum of sculpture, where
the Apollo, Laocoon, Venus, &c. live
in the song as from the chisel. Of
all these "conquerors of time," we
select, and that but partially, one ex-
ample—the last lines on the goddess
of Love, whom the poet has painted
in her purest attributes.

—Music's soul breathed by—

White meteors shot along the distant
flood;
And now sail'd on, like an advancing
cloud,
Chariots of pearl, and proud sea-horses
curb'd,
That with their breasts the green to
silver plough'd,
And nymphs and tritons lifting trumpets
orb'd,
Young Venus! round thy throne, in its
own light absorb'd.
The shore is reach'd, and fear, bewitch-
ing fear,
Is in her bending form and glancing eye
And yielding hand, and timid-turning
ear;
She listens—'twas but Eve's enamour'd
sigh!
Yet has it heaved her bosom's ivory—
Yet has it on the shore her footstep
spell'd;
'Tis past.—The rustling rose alone is
nigh—
She smiles, and in that smile is all re-
veal'd
The charm, to which so soon the living
world shall yield.

Venus! thou'rt lovely; but on other feet
Was press'd of old the kiss of guilty fire.
Thy look is grace, too deeply, purely
sweet,
To tell of passion that could change or
tire.
From those rich lips no fatal dreams re-
spire;
There lives no evil splendour in that
eye,
To dart the flame on failing Virtue's
pyre.
Dark thoughts before thy sacred beauty
die.
Queen of the soul's bright tides! thy spell
is modesty!

But Mr. Croly's descriptive pow-
ers are not limited to works of art:
he walks the garden of the Tuileries,
and, contemplating its formality, thus
glowingly portrays the graces of Na-
ture's evening—

Night's wing is on the east—the clouds
repose
Like weary armies of the firmament,
Eucamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl
and rose—
Till the wind's sudden trumpet through
them sent,
Shakes their pavilions, and their pomp
are blent
In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd
With thousand odours, sighed by blo-
soms bent
In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd
From Evening's airy urns, their purple
lips has chill'd.

And, further on, the latest close of
day—

Twilight has come, in saffron mists em-
bower'd,
For the broad sun on the Atlantic surge
Now sparkling in the fiery flashes show-
ered
From his swift wheels, the forest vapours
urge
Their solemn wings above—white stars
emerge
From the dark east, like spires of moun-
tain snows
Touch'd by the light upon the horizon's
verge;
Just rising from her sleep, the young
moon shows
Supine upon the clouds, her cheek suf-
fused with rose.
This is the loveliest hour of all that day
Calls upwards through its kingdom of
the air—
The sights and sounds of earth have
died away
Above, the clouds are rolled against
the glare
Of the red west—high-volumed waves
that war
Against a diamond promontory's side,
Crested with one sweet, solitary star.
That like a watch fire trembles o'er the
tide,

Brightening with every shade that on its
surge doth ride

Nothing can excel these lovely
pictures, which fill the poet with re-
collections of England and home.
His breast warms with its wonted
patriotism, and he draws a forcible
contrast between the native land he
loves, and the foreign land on which
he wanders. He has painted the
English husbandman returning from
his harvest toils, and proceeds:

He comes—the moon has lit him home
at last,
And he has thrown his harvest hook
away,

And kiss'd the nut-brown babes that
round him haste,
Each with the little wonder of its day.
The lowly meal is spread, the moon-
beams play
Through panes that bushy rose and wall
flower veil,
And soon to make them music, on her
spray,
Her wonted, neighbourspray, the night-
ingale
Pours on the holy hour her thrilling, end-
less tale.

Land of the Graces, where even beg-
gars meet,
With bow and compliment, and hat in
hand,
The gay grimacers of the dungeon
street,
Till cringe and smile dissolve the con-
ference bland;
Where bending age loves doubly bent
to stand
With fond, faint simper, on its shoul-
ders strewed
Its locks in sentimental waving planned;
France, in thy bosom all the heart's
subdued.
Thy world a stage, thy life a toilsome at-
titude.

From this, certainly not partial re-
cognition of France, and from the
Tuileries, we are conducted to the
spot where Louis XVI. perished.
Upon this martyrdom, Mr. C. has
expended a luxury of pathos, and all
his appalling strength.

Paris! there was no sleep beneath thy
roofs
The morn that saw this deed. The dim
streets rung,
Long before day, with cannon. tramp-
ling hoofs,
And, fearfulest of all, the tocsin's
tongue.
Startling the eye, the passing torches
flung
Their flash through many a chamber
from beneath,
Then vanish'd with the thick and hur-
rying throng;
While the heart-sinking listener held
his breath,
Catching in every sound the distant roar
of death.

But earlier than that dim and early hour
A lonely taper twinkled through the
gloom,
'Twas from the casement of the temple
tower—
'Twas from a king's, a martyr's dun-
geon room!
There he subdued his spirit for its doom;
And one old priest, and one pale fol-
lower,
Knelt weeping, as beside their master's
tomb.
Rude was the altar, but the heart was
there,
And peace and glorious hope were in that
prison prayer.

But trumpets peal'd, and torches glared
below,
And from the tower rose woman's loud
lament
And infant cries; and shadows seemed
to go
With tossing arms, and heads in anguish
bent,
Backwards and forwards hurrying, then,
as spent,
Sink down, and all be silent for a time;
Until the royal victims' souls were rent
With some new yell of cruelty and
crime,
Or thunder'd through the dusk the tocsin's
deadly chime.
And 'twas as wild and still within the
square,
This square of luxury! The morn arose;
An iron harvest bristled through the air,
Bayonet and pike in countless, close
rock'd rows.
Silent as Death the crowd—the grim
repose
Before the earthquake—None from roof
or wall
Might look; no hand the casement might
unclose.
And in their centre, frowning o'er them
all,
Their Idol—the sole God before whose
name they fall.
The Guillotine!—when Hell prepared
the feast,
Where guilty France was drunk, but
not with wine,
Till madness sat upon her vision'd
breast.
This was the press that crush'd her
bloody vine.
To this grim altar came the shuddering
line,
Whose worship was—beneath its knife
to lie;
The haggard traitors to the throne and
shrine,
By traitors crushed, that in their turn
must die—
Till massacre engulfed the wreck of
Liberty.
The Guillotine.—It stood in that pale
day
Like a huge spectre, just from earth
upsprung,
To summon to the tomb the fierce array
That round its feet in desperate homage
clung.
But on the wind a sudden trumpet rung
All eyes were turn'd, and, far as eye
could stray,
Was caught a light, from moving hel-
mets flung,
A banner tossing in the tempest's sway.
A wain, that through the throng slow toil'd
its weary way.
'Tis done—the monarch on the scaffold
stands;
The headsman grasp him!—Of the my-
riads there,
That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd
hands,

Not one has given a blessing or a tear,
But that old priest who answers him in
prayer.
He speaks: his dying thoughts to France
are given,
His voice is drown'd—for murder has
no ear.
The saint unmurmuring to the axe is
driven.
If ever spirit rose, that heart is calm in
Heaven
* * * * *
France was anathema.—Her cup before
Was full but this o'erthrew'd its burning
brim,
And plagues like serpent-teeth her en-
trails tore;
Crime slipp'd to ravage through a land
of crime!
In the sack'd sepulchre caroused the
mime;
On God's high altar sat Idolatry;
Before the harlot knelt the nation's
prime,
And sons dragg'd fathers, fathers sons
to die—
Till Judgment girt the bow on its eternal
thigh.

Were we to do justice to our re-
view, we should add to these quota-
tions the exemplary portrait of the
"felon king," Buonaparte; but, how-
ever truly national our author may
be in his antipathies, we must leave
this part of his work, and also the
highly wrought scene of eternal ven-
geance on the scourgers of mankind
in Russia, to be scanned in his own
pages. We shall only except one
stanza of the tyrant's finale, and one
containing an excellent comparison
on Waterloo.

The despot 'scap'd; for his was yet to
show
What mimes may play ambition's haugh-
tiest part,
To show the recreant branded on his
brow,
Whose noblest art was but the slaugh-
terer's art—
Lest future villains from the mire should
start,
And rave, and slay, and dare to call it
fame.
Behold him now, the man without a
heart,
Him of the battles—him the soul of
flame—
Scorn'd, banish'd, chain'd for life, and
glad to live in shame.

* * * * *
Earth shook with that wild empire's
overthrow—
And the foundations, that as fate seem'd
deep,
Are dust—and England gave the final
blow.
France rush'd like lava from the moun-
tain's steep,

But England met it with the ocean's
sweep.
And o'er it roll'd in towering majesty,
Leaving its burning mass, a gloomy
heap.
Transcendent Waterloo!—thy name
shall die—
But die on the same pile with glory—
memory!

LORD BYRON'S LETTER TO MR. MURRAY.
(Continued from our last No. page 331.)

In speaking of artificial objects, I
have omitted to touch upon one
which I will now mention. Cannon
may be presumed to be as highly
poetical as art can make her objects.
Mr. Bowles will, perhaps, tell me
that this is because they resemble
that grand natural article of sound
in heaven, and simile upon earth—
thunder. I shall be told triumphant-
ly, that Milton made sad work of his
artillery, when he armed his devils
therewithal. He did so; and this
artificial object must have had much
of the sublime to attract his attention
for such a conflict. He has made an
absurd use of it; but the absurdity
consists not in using cannon against
the angels of God, but any material
weapon. The thunder of the clouds
would have been as ridiculous and
vain in the hands of the devils, as
the "villanous saltpetre;" the angels
were as impervious to the one as to
the other. The thunderbolts become
sublime in the hands of the Almighty
not as such, but because he deigns to
use them as a means of repelling the
rebel spirits; but no one can attribute
their defeat to this grand piece of
natural electricity: the Almighty
willed, and they fell; his word would
have been enough; and Milton is as
absurd, (and in fact, blasphemous),
in putting material lightnings into
the hands of the Godhead, as in
giving him hands at all.

The artillery of the demons was
but the first step of his mistake, the
thunder the next, and it is a step
lower. It would have been fit for
Jove, but not for Jehovah. The sub-
ject altogether was essentially un-
poetical; he has made more of it than
another could, but it is beyond him
and all men.

In a portion of his reply, Mr.
Bowles asserts that Pope "envied
Phillips" because he quizzed his
pastorals in the Guardian, in that
most admirable model of irony, his
paper on the subject. If there was
any thing enviable about Phillips, it

could hardly be his pastorals. They were despicable, and Pope expressed his contempt. If Mr. Fitzgerald published a volume of sonnets, or a "Spirit of Discovery," or a "Missionary," and Mr. Bowles wrote in any periodical journal an ironical paper upon them, would this be "envy?" The authors of the "Rejected Addresses" have ridiculed the sixteen or twenty "first living poets" of the day; but do they "envy" them? "Envy" writes, it don't laugh. The authors of the Rejected Addresses may despise some, but they can hardly "envy" any of the persons whom they have parodied; and Pope could have no more envied Phillips than he did Welsted, or Theobalds, or Smedley, or any other given hero of the Ducinal. He could not have envied him, even had he himself *not* been the greatest poet of his age. Did Mr. Ings "envy" Mr. Phillips when he asked him, "how came your Pyrrhus to drive oxen and say, I am goaded on by love?" This question silenced poor Phillips; but it no more proceeded from "envy" than did Pope's ridicule. Did he envy Swift? Did he envy Bolingbroke? Did he envy Gay the unparalleled success of his "Beggar's Opera?" We may be answered that these were his friends—true; but does *friendship* prevent *envy*? Study the first woman you meet with, or the first scribbler, let Mr. Bowles himself (whom I acquit fully of such an odious quality), study some of his own poetical intimates: the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received more attention than he did. *This is envy*; but where does Pope show a sign of the passion? In that case Dryden envied the hero of his Mac Flecknoe. Mr. Bowles compares, when and where he can, Pope with Cowper (the same Cowper whom in his edition of Pope he laughs at for his attachment to an old woman, Mrs. Unwin; search and you will find it; I remember the passage, though not the page); in particular he requotes Cowper's Dutch delineation of a wood, drawn up like a seedsman's catalogue*, with an

affected imitation of Milton's style, as burlesque as the "Splendid Shilling." These two writers, for Cowper is no poet, come into comparison

judgment a passage from another poem of Cowper's, to be compared with the same writer's Sylvan Sampler. In the lines to Mary,

"Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,

My Mary," contain a simple, household, "indoor," artificial, and ordinary image; I refer Mr. Bowles to the stanza, and ask if these three lines about "needles" are not worth all the boasted twaddling about trees, so triumphantly re-quoted? and yet in *fact* what do they convey? A homely collection of images and ideas, associated with the darning of stockings, and the hemming of shirts, and the mending of breeches; but will any one deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic as addressed by Cowper to his nurse? The trash of trees reminds me of a saying of Sheridan's. Soon after the "Rejected Address" scene in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, "Lord Byron, did you know that, amongst the writers of addresses, was Whitbread himself?" I answered by an inquiry of what sort of an address he had made. "Of that," replied Sheridan, "I remember little, except that there was a *Phoenix* in it." "A *Phoenix*!! Well, how did he describe it?" "Like a poulticer," answered Sheridan; "it was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather." "And just such as this poulticer's account of a phoenix is Cowper's a stick-picker's detail of a wood, with all its petty minutiae of this, that, and the other.

One more poetical instance of the power of art, and even its *superiority* over nature, in poetry; and I have done:—the bust of *Atinuous*! Is there anything in nature like this marble, excepting the Venus? Can there be more *poetry* gathered into existence than in that wonderful creation of perfect beauty? But the poetry of this bust is in no respect derived from nature, nor from any association of moral exaltedness; for what is there in common with moral nature, and the male minion of Adrian? The very execution is *not natural*, but *super-natural*, or rather *super-artificial*, for nature has never done so much.

Away, then, with this cant about nature, and "invariable principles of poetry!" A great artist will make a block of stone as sublime as a mountain, and a good poet can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America. It is the business and the proof of a poet to give the lie to the proverb, and sometimes to "make a silken purse out of a sow's ear;" and to conclude with another homely proverb, "a good workman will not find fault with his tools."

in one great work, the translation of Homer. Now, with all the great, and manifest, and manifold, and re-proved, and acknowledged, and uncontroverted faults of Pope's translation, and all the scholarship, and pains, and time, and trouble, and blank verse of the other, who can ever read Cowper? and who will ever lay down Pope, unless for the original? Pope's was "not Homer, it was Spondanus;" but Cowper's is not Homer either, it is not even Cowper. As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own language. As a boy I read Homer in the original, as we have all done, some of us by force, and a few by favour; under which description I come is nothing to the purpose, it is enough that I read him. As a man I have tried to read Cowper's version, and I found it impossible. Has any human reader ever succeeded?

And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice—what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious of crimes in the Christian code, viz. suicide—and why? because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connection with Mrs. Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why then is the infirm and then elderly Pope to be reproved for his connexion with Martha Blount; Cowper was the almoner of Mrs. Thugmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damnation to himself or others. Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper *personally*, but to show *what might* be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.

Mr. Bowles, apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has in person or by proxy brought forward the names of

* I will submit to Mr. Bowles's own

Southey and Moore. Mr. Southey "agrees entirely with Mr. Bowles in his *invariable* principles of poetry." The least that Mr. Bowles can do in return is to approve the "invariable principles of Mr. Southey." I should have thought that the word "*invariable*" might have stuck in Southey's throat, like Macbeth's "Amen!" I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter. Moore (*et tu, Brute!*) also approves, and a Mr. J. Scott. There is a letter also of two lines from a gentleman in asterisks, who, it seems, is a poet of "the highest rank"—who *can* this be? not my friend, Sir Walter, surely. Campbell it can't be; Rogers it won't be.

"You have hit the nail in the head, and **** [Pope, I presume] on the head also."

I remain yours, affectionately.

(Four Asterisks.)

And in asterisks let him remain. Whoever this person may be, he deserves, for such a judgment of Midas, that "the nail" which Mr. Bowles has "hit in the head" should be driven through his own ears; I am sure that they are long enough.

The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenians shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called "the Just." They are also fighting for life; for if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I have been (or it may be, still am) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I have been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but never amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and the name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the

crowd of "Schools" and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

"Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,

Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho!"

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakspeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and "candid" undermining of the reputation of the most *effect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground, as an *ethical* poet: in the former none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in *prose*. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true "*poet*" in its real sense, "*the maker*," "*the creator*"—why must this mean the "*liar*," the "*feigner*," the "*tale teller*?" A man may make and create better things than these.

I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them. I would no more say this than I would assert in the mo-que once Saint Sophia's, that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

"To rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what "*order*," according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns' poems? There are his *opus magnum*, "I am O'Shanter," a *tale*, the Cotter's Saturday Night, a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style; the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions*; the *rank* of Burns is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect, which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort, as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilization; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety:—pastoral, passion, mock-heroic, translation, satire, ethics, — all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations? But I have made this letter too long. Give my compliments to Mr. Bowles.

Yours ever, very truly,

BYRON.

Post Scriptum.—Long as this letter has grown, I find it necessary to append a postscript; if possible a short one. Mr. Bowles denies that he has accused Pope of "a sordid money-getting passion;" but, he adds, "if I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so." This testimony he may find to his heart's content in Spence and elsewhere. First, there

is Martha Blount, who, Mr. Bowles charitably says, 'probably thought he did not save enough for her as legatee.' Whatever she *thought* upon this point, her words are in Pope's favour. Then there is alderman Barber; see Spence's Anecdotes. There is Pope's cold answer to Halifax when he proposed a pension; his behaviour to Craggs and to Addison upon like occasions, and his own two lines—

'And, thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,

Indebted to no prince or peer alive;

written when princes would have been proud to pension, and peers to promote him, and when the whole army of dunces were in array against him, and would have been but too happy to deprive him of this boast of independence. But there is something a little more serious in Mr. Bowles's declaration, that he 'would have spoken' of his 'noble generosity to the outcast, Richard Savage,' and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart, 'had they occurred to his recollection on when he wrote.' What! is it come to this? Does Mr. Bowles sit down to write a minute and laboured life and edition of a great poet? Does he anatomize his character, moral and poetical? Does he present us with his faults and with his foibles? Does he sneer at his feelings, and doubt of his sincerity? Does he unfold his vanity and duplicity? and then omit the good qualities which might, in part, have 'covered this multitude of sins?' and then plead that 'they did not occur to his recollection?' Is this the frame of mind and of memory with which the illustrious dead are to be approached? If Mr. Bowles, who must have had access to all the means of refreshing his memory, did not recollect these facts, he is unfit for his task; but if he *did* recollect, and omit them, I know not what he is fit for, but I know what would be fit for him. Is the plea of 'not recollecting' such prominent facts to be admitted? Mr. Bowles has been at a public school, and as I have been publicly educated also, I can sympathise with his predilection. When we were in the third form even, had we pleaded on the Monday morning, that we had not brought up the Saturday's exercise, because 'we had forgotten it,' what would have been the reply? And is an excuse which would not

be pardoned to a schoolboy, to pass current in a matter which so nearly concerns the fame of the first poet of his age, if not of his country? If Mr. Bowles so readily forgets the virtues of others, why complain so grievously that others have a better memory for his own faults? They are but the faults of an author; while the virtues he omitted from his catalogue are essential to the justice due to a man.

Mr. Bowles appears indeed to be susceptible beyond the privilege of authorship. There is a plaintive dedication to Mr. Gifford, in which he is made responsible for all the articles of the Quarterly. Mr. Southey, it seems, 'the most able and eloquent writer in that Review,' approves of Mr. Bowles's publication. Now it seems to me the more impartial, that notwithstanding that the great writer of the Quarterly entertains opinions opposite to the able article on Spence, nevertheless that essay was permitted to appear. Is a review to be devoted to the opinions of any one man? Must it not vary according to circumstances, and according to the subjects to be criticised? I fear that writers must take the sweets and bitters of the public journals as they occur, and an author of so long a standing as Mr. Bowles might have become accustomed to such incidents; he might be angry, but not astonished. I have been reviewed in the Quarterly almost as often as Mr. Bowles, and have had as pleasant things said, and some *as unpleasant*, as could well be pronounced. In the review of 'The Fall of Jerusalem' it is stated, that I have devoted 'my powers, &c. to the worst parts of Manichæism,' which being interpreted, means that I worship the devil. Now, I have neither written a reply, nor complained to Gifford. I believe that I observed in a letter to you, that I thought 'that the critic might have praised Milman without finding it necessary to abuse me;' but did I not add at the same time, or soon after (apropos, of the note in the book of Travels), that I would not, if it were even in my power, have a single line cancelled on my account in that nor in any other publication. Of course, I reserve to myself the privilege of response when necessary. Mr. Bowles seems in a whimsical state about the author of the article on Spence. You know very well that I am not in your con-

fidence, nor in that of the conductor of the journal. The moment I saw that article, I was morally certain that I knew the author 'by his style.' You will tell me that I do *not* know him: that is all as it should be; keep the secret, so shall I, though no one has ever entrusted it to me. He is not the person whom Mr. Bowles denounces. Mr. Bowles's extreme sensibility reminds me of a circumstance which occurred on board of a frigate in which I was a passenger and guest of the captain's for a considerable time. The surgeon on board, a very gentlemanly young man, and remarkably able in his profession, wore a wig. Upon this ornament he was extremely tenacious. As naval jests are sometimes a little rough, his brother officers made occasional allusions to this delicate appendage to the doctor's person. One day a young lieutenant, in the course of a facetious discussion, said, 'Suppose now, doctor, I should take off your hat.' 'Sir,' replied the doctor, 'I shall talk no longer with you; you grow scurrilous.' He would not even admit so near an approach as to the hat which protected it. In like manner, if any body approaches Mr. Bowles's laurels, even in his outside capacity of an *editor*, 'they grow scurrilous.' You say that you are about to prepare an edition of Pope; you cannot do better for your own credit as a publisher, nor for the redemption of Pope from Mr. Bowles, and of the public taste from rapid degeneracy.

LAW.

DIGEST OF THE PUBLIC ACTS PASSED AT THE LAST SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[Continued from page 301.]

Chap. 39.—An act authorizing the Governor to appoint commissioners to view and lay out a state road from Berrysburgh, by the way of the town of Gratz, in Dauphin county, to the borough of Reading, in Bucks county.

Chap. 40.—An act granting a review of part of the state road leading from Butler to Franklin.

Chap. 41.—An act for the relief of sundry old soldiers.

Chap. 42.—An act to erect the town of Berlin, in Somerset county, into a borough.

Chap. 43.—An act to ratify and confirm acts and proceedings of the stockholders of the Washington Bank, &c.

SECT. 1. Certain proceedings of the bank intended for the purpose of winding up its concerns, confirmed.

SECT. 2. The stockholders authorized to elect managers to close the concerns of the bank.

Chap. 44.—An act to vest in Bridget Cooper the right of this commonwealth to the estate of William Waterhouse, formerly of Delaware county, deceased.

Chap. 45.—An act for the relief of the public school of Germantown, in the county of Philadelphia.

Two thousand dollars granted towards paying the debts of the institution.

Chap. 46.—An act to vest two tracts of land in Westmoreland county in trustees, for the uses of the last will of the Rev. Theodore Browers, deceased.

Chap. 47.—An act authorizing the governor to incorporate the Centre and Kishacoquillas turnpike road company.

Chap. 48.—An act for the relief of sundry soldiers of the revolutionary war.

Chap. 49.—An act to incorporate the Widows' Society of Bethlehem.

Chap. 50.—A further supplement to an act authorizing the governor to incorporate a company for making an artificial road from the bank of the river Susquehanna, opposite the borough of Hainsburgh, to Pittsburgh.

Chap. 51.—An act extending 'an act securing to mechanics and others payment for their labour and materials in erecting any house or other building within the city and county of Philadelphia,' to the counties of Delaware, Bucks, Luzerne and Mifflin.

Chap. 52.—An act explanatory of 'an act for the better regulation of the city of Philadelphia and districts adjoining, &c.

Said act not to be construed so as to authorize the Court of Quarter Sessions to make any order on petitions for opening streets over the public squares or State-House yard.

Chap. 53.—An act more effectually to restrain gunners, and for other purposes.

SECT. 1. Any person hunting on enclosed or improved grounds within the counties of Philadelphia or Delaware without permission of the owner or tenant, or firing a gun thereon, after being warned off, or wilfully committing any injury to orchards, gardens, crops, plants, or any real or personal property of any kind, shall pay a penalty of ten dollars and the costs of conviction, or be committed to gaol for a time not exceeding ten days.

SECT. 2. Constables may without warrant arrest such offenders and bring them before the nearest justice of the peace. In Philadelphia county, the penalty to go to the overseers of

the poor. In Delaware county to be paid for the use of the poor.

Chap. 54.—An act to establish a fifteenth Judicial District.

SECT. 1. The counties of Delaware and Chester erected into a new district, to be called the fifteenth. A person of legal knowledge and integrity to be appointed by the governor to be president and judge of the courts, &c. to have the same salary, powers, &c. as president of the common pleas,oyer and terminer, orphans' court, quarter sessions, &c. To take effect from and after June 1.

SECT. 2. Courts to be held at the same time as now directed by law.

SECT. 3. Adjourned courts to be held in the seventh and fifteenth districts whenever the business may require it.

Chap. 55.—An act for the relief of Thomas Laird.

Chap. 56.—A further supplement to the act authorizing the governor to incorporate two companies for making an artificial road from the city of Pittsburgh, through Butler and Mercer, to Meadville.

Chap. 57.—A further supplement to 'an act for making the turnpike roads from Susquehanna to Waterford, and from Northumberland to Anderson's creek.'

Chap. 58.—An act authorizing George Miller and others to drain a certain swamp in the county of Dauphin.

Chap. 59.—An act for the relief of James McGhee and others.

Chap. 60.—An act to encourage the apprehension of persons who shall have committed the crime of horse stealing.

SECT. 1. Whosoever shall pursue and apprehend a horse stealer, shall be entitled to a reward of 20 dollars, and an allowance of 6 cents for every mile necessarily travelled in the pursuit of him; and not to be disqualified from being witness.

SECT. 2. It shall be the duty of the court where convictions are had, for horse stealing, to inquire who is entitled to receive the reward, and direct the clerk to certify the same to the commissioners of the county, who are directed to pay the amount certified to be drawn.

Chap. 61.—A supplement to 'an act erecting part of Cumberland county into a separate county, to be called Perry.'

Chap. 62.—An act to enable Sam'l Baird, one of the administrators of John Baird to convey certain lands, &c.

Chap. 63.—An act to authorize the Roman Catholic Society worshipping at the church of St. Mary's in Philadelphia, to amend their charter of incorporation.

Chap. 64.—An act to provide for the erection of a state penitentiary within the city and county of Philadelphia.

SECT. 1. A state penitentiary to contain 250 prisoners on the principle of solitary confinement, to be erected at such place within the city and county as commissioners shall direct.

SECT. 2. Eleven commissioners appointed with full power to erect a prison. The governor to fill vacancies.

SECT. 3. The penitentiary to be constructed on the plan of that at Pittsburgh, with such alterations as may be necessary: *Provided*, The principle of solitary confinement be preserved.

SECT. 4. The sum of \$100,000 appropriated, to be paid after the 1st of October next, in such instalments as the governor may think proper.

SECT. 5. The commissioners authorized to sell all the vacant lots in the city of Philadelphia belonging to the commonwealth, and the proceeds are appropriated in addition to the erection of the penitentiary: *Provided*, That if the title to any lot shall prove defective, the state shall not be bound to pay for the same, but the proceeds shall be refunded by the commissioners.

SECT. 6. The like proceedings shall be had by the commissioners to obtain and give possession of the lots as are given to the wardens of Philadelphia by section 13, of the act of 10th April, 1781.

SECT. 7. If the commissioners of the city and county shall secure to be paid to the commonwealth, in 3 annual instalments, commencing January 1, 1821, the sum of \$50,000, then all the interest of the state in the new prison in Arch street shall be vested in the city and county, and shall be held and deemed to be the prison of the city and county, and subject to the like provisions as are prescribed for county prisons: *Provided*, That the appropriation made by section 4 shall not be paid until the payment of the said \$50,000 is secured.

SECT. 8. If the commissioners of the city and county shall comply with the provisions of section 7, then the right of sending convicts of the several counties to the prison of the city and county reserved by the act of April 2, 1805, shall, after the completion of the state penitentiary, cease and determine.

SEC. 9. The commissioners appointed by section 2 not to receive any compensation for their services, nor to be concerned in any contract, but they may employ a clerk, who shall receive for his services a sum not exceeding \$500 per annum.

SEC. 10. So much of the act of March 3, 1818, as provides for the sale of the Philadelphia prison and the erection of a penitentiary, is hereby repealed.

Chap. 65.—A further supplement to an act entitled 'an act to provide for the education of children at the public expense within the city and county of Philadelphia.'

SEC. 1. The township of Passunk erected into an 8th school section, and directors to be appointed by the Court of Quarter Sessions.

SEC. 2. The directors authorized to draw their warrants for such sums as may be necessary for the purpose of education.

Chap. 66.—A supplement to the act entitled 'an act to provide for the enumeration of the taxable inhabitants and slaves within this commonwealth.'

The assessors to make a separate list of the deaf and dumb persons in their respective townships, and distinguishing their sexes, colour and ages, &c.

Chap. 67.—An act authorizing the trustees and elders of the German Reformed and German Lutheran congregations of the borough of Greensburgh to sell and convey a certain lot or parcel of ground in said borough.

Chap. 68.—An act to confirm the title of Daniel Walp to certain real estate therein mentioned.

(To be continued.)

NEWTON AND BEHMEN.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

The celebrated Law, in his appeal, p. 314, traces the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton to the works of Jacob Behmen. "The illustrious Sir Isaac Newton," says he, "when he wrote his principia, and published to the world, his great doctrine of *attraction*, and those laws of nature by which the planets began and continue to move in their orbits, could have told the world, that the true and infallible ground of what he there advanced, was to be found in *Behmen's Teufonic Theosophus*, in his THREE FIRST PROPERTIES OF ETERNAL NATURE. He could have told them that he had been a diligent reader of that wonderful author, that he had made large extracts out of him, and could have referred to him for the ground, of what he had observed of the number seven. Now

why did not this great man do thus? Doubtless he well knew that prejudice and partiality had such power over many people's judgments, that doctrines would be suspected by some as dangerous, and considered by others as false and wicked, had he made any references to an author, that was only called an enthusiast."

Among Newton's MSS. in the possession of lord Portsmouth, are 31 sheets of Flammell's Hieroglyphic Figures on the Philosopher's Stone, 40 half sheets folio of Behmen's Proceustus Mysteria Magni; 37 and 25 half sheets in folio, on the Host of Heaven and the Sanctuary; and 25 half sheets on the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity.

A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1782, gives a further proof of this statement, from a letter of Mr. Law, which he wrote for the satisfaction of a friend. "When Sir Isaac Newton died, there were found among his papers large extracts out of Jacob Behmen's works, written with his own hand. This I have from undoubted authority;* as also that in the former part of his life, he was led into a search of the philosopher's tincture from the same author. My vouchers are names well known, and of great esteem with you. It is evidently plain, that all that Sir Isaac has said of the universality, nature and effects of *attraction* and of the *three first laws of nature*, was not only said but proved in its deepest ground, by Jacob Behmen, in his three first properties of Eternal Nature; and from thence they are derived into this temporal birth. This, added to the information above, is, I think, a sufficient warrant for my having said, that Sir Isaac could have referred to Behmen for the true ground, &c. From the authority above, I can assure you that Sir Isaac was formerly so deep in Jacob Behmen, that he, together with one Dr. Newton, his relation, set up furnaces, and were for several months at work in quest of the Tincture, purely from what they conceived from him. It is no wonder then that *attraction*, with its *two inseparable properties*, which make in Jacob Behmen the first three properties of Eternal Nature, should come to the grand foundation of the Newtonian Philosophy. It is my *conjecture*, that Sir Isaac declared so openly at first his total ignorance of the same cause of attraction, to prevent all suspicion of his having been led into it from Behmen's doctrine. It is plain he knew the deep ground which Behmen had given of it. No one, from Behmen, can know any thing of the tincture, or the means and possibility of coming at it, without knowing and believing, as Behmen does, the ground of universal attraction: and therefore Sir Isaac's silence and ignorance of this ground must have been affected, and for certain reasons which can only be guessed at."

* Vide the list published in the Monthly Magazine; also Hutton's Dictionary, art. Newton.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Literary Gazette.

In the National Gazette of the 21st inst. appeared an Italian song of liberty, taken from a Neapolitan journal. The Editor requested a translation from one of his correspondents, but, it would seem, without success. Moved by the valour, firmness and constancy of the enlightened patriots of Naples, I have undertaken the task, and send you a very free version; which you may publish if you think proper. It will be found, I incline to think, more suitable to the actual disposition of the worthies by whom it is supposed to be sung, than the original ode. C.

May 29th.

Song of the Neapolitans.

Pull the trigger, shoot the gun,
Make the Austrian bullies run;
We know who we should obey
And who not, as well as they
If we're wrong we've time to learn,
But 'tis none of their concern:
It's our own, of that we're clear;
Then what the devil brings 'em here.

Chorus.

Pull the trigger, shoot the gun,
Make the Austrian bullies run.

New volunteers now draw the sword,
Make ready at the captain's word;
With burnished guns and steady feet
Charge boldly up and down the street;
Swear at an Austrian's very name,
Talk long and loud of death and fame.
And if your exercises tire
Let every man think on his sire.

Chorus.

Pull the trigger, &c.

We know who we'll have to rule us,
Without asking them to school us;
This land's our own, or ought to be,
And we're determined to be free.
Rich and poor, strong and cripples,
Will fight for liberty and Naples;
And, when we're led by general Pepe,
Perdition catch the man that's sleepy.

Chorus.

Pull the trigger, &c.

SELECTED POETRY.

Lines written on hearing that the
Austrians had entered Naples.

[ASCRIBED TO MOORE.]

Aye—down to the dust with them, slaves
as they are—
From this hour, let the blood in their
dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's
war,
Be suck'd out by tyrants, or stagnate
in chains!
On, on, like a cloud, thro' their beautiful
vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them
o'er—

Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye
sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and
poison their shore—

May their fate be a mock-word—may men
of all lands
Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring
to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let
fall from their hands,
Shall be forg'd into fetters to enter
their souls!—

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is
driv'n,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony
be
To think—as the damn'd haply think of
that heav'n
They had once in their reach—that
they *might* have been free!

Shame, shame—when there was not a
bosom, whose heat
Ever rose o'er the zero of C—gn's
heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn
repeat,
And send all its pray'rs with your Liberty's
start—

When the world stood in hope—when a
spirit that breath'd
Full fresh of the olden-time, whisper'd
about,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way
un-sheath'd,
But waited one conquering cry to flash
out!—

When around you, the shades of your
mighty in fame,
FILICAJAS and PETRARCHS seem'd
bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings—like
tongues of bright flame,
Over freedom's apostles—fell kindling
on you!—

Good God! that in such a proud moment
of life,
Worth ages of hist'ry—when, had you
but hurl'd
One bolt at your bloody invader, that
strife
Between freemen and tyrants had
spread thro' the world—

That then—oh! disgrace upon manhood—
e'en then,
You should falter—should cling to your
pitiful breath,
Cower down into beasts, when you might
have stood men,
And prefer the slave's life of damnation
to death!

It is strange—it is dreadful!—Shout, Ty-
raunty, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces,
"Freedom is o'er"—

If there lingers one spark of her light, treat
it out,
And return to your empire of darkness
once more.

For if *such* are the braggarts that claim to
be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me
kiss—
Far nobler to live the brute bond-man of
thee,
Than to sully e'en chains by a struggle
like this.

Champs Elysees, Paris.

T. B.

SONG TO FANNY.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)
When morning through my lattice beams,
And twittering birds my slumbers break,
Then, Fanny! I recall my dreams
Although they bid my bosom ache;
For still I dream of thee.

When wit and wine and friends are met,
And laughter crowns the festive hour,
In vain I struggle to forget,
Still does my heart confess thy power—
And fondly turn to thee.

When night is near and friends are far,
And through the tree that shades my cot
I gaze upon the evening star,
How do I mourn my lonely lot;
And, Fanny, sigh for thee.

I know my love is hopeless, vain,
But, Fanny, do not strive to rob
My heart of all that soothes its pain—
The mournful hope that every throb
Will make it break for thee.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY THE LATE MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

(From the same.)

Addressed to a lady, with an Eolian Harp.
In early youth, in riper age,
Joy, hope, or love the muse engage;
But brief the gay delusions last.
In after time when cares and grief
Come with the falling of the leaf,
She dwells, how fondly on the past.

O memory! if to thee she clings,
How small the store thy bounty brings
To aid declining Fancy's power!
Alas the vital spark is down,
The colour and the scent are gone,
What then remains?—a faded flower.

Sad were indeed our wintry years,
When life's gay landscape disappears;
Did not the heart its warmth retain:
Affection's undiminished glow,
Friendship the balm of human woe,
Save us the sorrow, to complain.

Lulled in the lap of quiet here,
I watch the changes of the year,
From Spring, to Autumn's chilling
breath:
When all the blooming sweets are fled,
The evergreen shall cheerful spread
Fresh verdant boughs, to deck the earth.

When nature sinks in deathlike sleep
And birds a solemn silence keep,
Then robin tunes his lonely lay;
And perched some lonely cottage near,
He chaunts the requiem of the year
On mossy stone or leafless spray.

Then shall the winds with viewless wings
Sweep o'er the harp's harmonious strings,
And call attention to the strain;
Swell the full chord, or dying fall,
Then pause—while busy thoughts recall
Those who can ne'er return again.

The humid drops which then shall rise
And dim the moist unconscious eyes,
Will fall and give the heart relief:
Blow then ye winds; again return
Ye airy minstrels; softly mourn
The falling of the wither'd leaf.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

*On being separated from her on her
Marriage.*

[By the same.]

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again.

Yet will it be, as when the past
Twined every joy and care and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections finely wrought?
Ah no, the groundless hope were vain;
For so we ne'er can meet again.

May he who claims thy tender heart
Deserve its love as I have done;
For kind and gentle as thou art,
If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won.
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again.

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